

**A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,**  
**Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.**

# **LITTLE BUTTERCUP**

'Hail, men-o'-war's men—safeguards of our nation,  
Here is an end at last to all privation.  
You've got your pay—spare all you can afford  
To welcome Little Buttercup on board.

For I'm called Little Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup,  
Though I could never tell why ;  
But still I'm called Buttercup—poor Little Buttercup,  
Sweet Little Buttercup I.  
I've snuff and tobacco, and excellent jacky,  
I've scissors and watches and knives ;  
I've ribbons and laces to set off the faces  
Of pretty young sweethearts and wives,  
I've treacle and toffy, and excellent coffee,  
Soft tommy and succulent chops ;  
I've chickens and conies and pretty polonies,  
And excellent peppermint drops.  
Then buy of your Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup,  
Sailors should never be shy ;  
So buy of your Buttercup—poor Little Buttercup,  
Come, of your Buttercup buy.

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**CARD AND JOB PRINTING ROOMS,**  
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